

SONNETS . *PARTHENOPHIL* ^

SONNET LXXX VI I I .



WITHIN thine eyes, mine heart takes all his
rest ! In which, still sleeping, all my sense
is drowned* The dreams, with which my
senses are opprest, Be thousand lovely
fancies turning round
The restless wheel of my much busy brain.
The morning ; which from resting doth
awake me, Thy beauty ! banished from
my sight again, When I to long
melancholy betake me.
Then full of errors, all my dreams I
find ! And in their kinds contrarious,
till the day (Which is her beauty) set
on work my mind ;
Which never will cease labour ! never
stay !
And thus my pleasures are but dreams
with me ; Whilst mine hot fevers, pains
quotidian be.

SONNET LXXXIX.



HAT be those hairs dyed like the marigold ?
ECHO, Gold!
What is that brow, whose frown make any
moan ?
ECHO,
Anemone!
What were her eyes, when the great lords
controlled?
ECHO, Rolled!
What be they, when from them, be loves
thrown ?
ECHO, LOVE'S
throne! What were her cheeks (when
blushes rose) like ?
ECHO, Rose-
like!
What are those lips, which 'bove pearls'
rew be ?
ECHO, Ruby!
Her ivory shoulders, what be those like ?
ECHO, Those like!